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NO. 22.

EDMORIN AND ELLA.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE savage was just bounding up the brow of the hills, when the prince discharged his arrow, but by some means or another without success; and his game in the next instant reached the summit, and sprung out of sight. Edmorin was just about to turn again among the covert of his woods, when his ears were suddenly startled by a shriek that intimated distress. He stopped and found that the voice proceeded from the other side of the mountains; and that which he had too much honor to do from the mere spirit of sport, he had too much humanity to neglect when he might relieve the wretched; he therefore hastily stepped forward, and re-treading the path again arrived at the top, and soon descended to the foot of the hills, and looking earnestly around him (while the voice increased its complaints), he discovered, through an intertwinement of boughs, an human shape extended in disorder upon the ground, under the uplifted paw of a lion. He did not hesitate; but drawing his arrow to the head, and leveling his eye to the mark, lodged the barb in his heart; and, running to complete his conquest, he struck a poinard into his chest, and held it infixed till he expired.

He had now leisure to avert his attention to the object whom his courage and intrepidity had protected, and whom he found to be a virgin of uncommon beauty of form, irresistible even in misery. Her dress, which was of the finest skins, bespoke her of royal extraction, and she mourned with all the dignity of distress. Although she was still faint, and fearful lest she might have escaped from one disaster by the intervention of another still more dreadful, yet she recovered herself so as to return her compliments of gratitude to her deliverer in an attitude of prostration. The prince perceived her confusion, and seeing her spirits struggling between the extremities of fear and joy endeavored to dissipate her apprehensions by the most tender assurances; and, observing that the savage had rent her mantle, enrobed her with his own, and requested that he might be permitted to accommodate her till she had surmounted her fears. The princess (for such she was) consented to his solicitations, and Edmorin gently conducted her to his hut, which was formed by the hands of an hundred Indian artificers, in a taste perfectly rural and ingenious; it was situate in a valley, where nature had displayed her bounties in her wildest luxuriance, with a distant view of the sea. The most beautiful foliage of oranges, and cedars

invited thither every Sylvan musician to warble and build; springs of living water came issuing from chrystaline sources; the flowers were essenced with the richest fragrance, and their colors were freshened by the breezes which at morn and even were wafted from the main.

Though the prince was secretly very anxious to learn the particulars of the fair stranger's history, especially that part of it which had occasioned the present event, yet his delicacy was unwilling to give her the pain of revealing it while her mind was under the inquietude of her late distress. He therefore re-pressed his curiosity, and solely applied himself to solace and revive her; he spread a carpet of the softest skins, and set before her the nicest trophies of his arrow, with the most lovely presents of nature to court her appetite: but the anxiety she had been under, and the abrupt transition from despair to joy, soon overcame the delicacy of her frame; and had left her no other desire than to recruit her spirits by repose, and yield herself up a few hours to friendly insensibility. Edmorin, vigilant to oblige, saw her fatigue, and no sooner discovered her wishes, than he hastened to prepare an apartment for her rest: he soon formed her a couch with the spoils of the kid, the ermine, and the fawn, and her pillow was lined with the cygnet's down: nor could the prince be persuaded to leave his charge, but, inwrapping his body in a common skin, determined to be the guardian of her slumber.

While the gentle Edmorin sat watching her repose, by the light of the taper, he indulged himself in gazing ardently upon her, and heaving a sigh of softness as he gazed, thus whispered to himself:

'O blessed sun! what a form is there! How happy am I in being the means of preserving it from violation!—Yet surely the savage could not scar such a creature! The paw of the monster was suspended (doubtless), conscious of the excellence within his power, which (cruel as is his nature) he dared not use. How unlike is she to the common beauties among my train!

Blessed be the morning in which I last grasped my bow, blessed be the elk that directed me towards the mountains, and blessed be the moment in which Edmorin preserved her!—And yet why do I sigh?—O Mithra, could my wishes!—But how vain my prayer!—Is she not some superior being?—O Ramor! now do I think of thee; yet I will gaze no more.'

Having said this, he extinguished the taper, lest his reason should yield to the captivation of his eyes: when suddenly the apartment was re-enlightened by a flash of lightning, a thunder-clap succeeded, and in the next moment a vision of the night, arrayed in an irresistible robe of light, appeared before him. The astonished Edmorin put his hand to his forehead, and fell prostrate to the illustrious appearance, when, gently waving a wand which it held in its hand over the eyes of the princess, addressed itself to the youth:—'List, Edmorin, and be happy! I am the angel of truth and innocence: thou rememberest the instructions of Ramor; the hour is at hand when his instructions will be useful. Her, whom thy valor has saved, is Ella, the daughter of Zimber, the monarch beyond the mountains.—Thy divinity has ordained her to be thy wife—Do not wonder, or doubt, because she is the child of thy enemy—To fate nothing is impossible—I am commissioned from above to give thee this ruby, which, while she sleeps, thou art to put upon her finger: do this, and thou no more shalt sigh in solitude, or experience sorrow.

The evanescent visitor instantly disappeared, and the noise of the thunder, that again rolled a volley as it vanished, alarmed the princess, who became pale with affright. It was now the dawn of day, and Edmorin was about to execute the order of the vision at the moment she awoke; he had just fixed the ruby on her finger, and was still holding her hand gently within his own. They were both overwhelmed in a speechless confusion, yet neither had the power, or perhaps the inclination, to alter their position. From their meeting eyes shot instant affection; their souls melt-

ed within them, and a thrilling pulsation ran a tide of rapture thro' every vein, at length, however, the united impressions of hope and love gave the powers of utterance to Edmorin, who communicated the commands of the angel of truth, and concluded with professions of fondness and sincerity. She was easily disposed to credit what her heart so affectionately desired, and she involuntarily pressed the ruby to her lips: yet had still the honor and discretion to inform him, that she had fled Zimber, who on the day he had saved her from death, determined to sacrifice her to Dorin, the chieftain of the valley.—Dorin (said she) is boisterous as the thunder, and cruel as the panther of the forest, but with the cunning of the fox has he crept into the smiles of my father; and the orders of Zimber are dreadful as the roaring of a cataract of the Nile: how then shall I be sheltered from the fury of Zimber, or the importunities of Dorin? I am a captive—Ella is the slave—how therefore can she ever be thy wife? Though her duty seemed to require this candour, yet her eyes manifested the tenderness of her wishes.

'New-found spirit of purity and sweetness (replied the prince), thou art no captive, but the present of the angel of truth! I will not only shield thee from the persecutions of Dorin, and from the wrath of Zimber, but will also solicit his friendship, and thou shalt be at once the instrument not only of love, but of peace.' At this moment entered Ramor, who was instantly commissioned to the monarch of the mountains, who, in gratitude for the preservation of Ella, consented to a union from which proceeded every enjoyment of life, and the prophecy of the sage was now remembered and fulfilled; 'for she was now exalted to the throne to whom Nature was kind and Virtue affectionate, and Edmorin and Ella became the idols of India.'

SLANDER.

I never found a slanderer who dared to meet, face to face, the person whom he abused and vilified when absent.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Creature of the dust!

PERHAPS you may be astonished at being addressed by an invisible intelligence; but as your object and mine is often the same to watch over innocence, and expose guilt, I trust you will consider me as one of those spirits who take an interest in your welfare, and wish to give force to your suggestions for the benefit of the female sex.

It is my happy lot to be the unknown guardian of a most amiable young lady, who spent this summer at a public place of some celebrity; and as the purity of her heart, and the propriety of her conduct left me much leisure, I employed the chief part of my time in observing the views and characters of persons who frequented the grand resort of folly and dissipation to which I allude. Receive the following sketches as a mark of my favor, and publish them as the contribution of a

SYLPH.

Mrs. Ann Lorimer, being left a widow at the age of thirty, with a genteel independence, on condition that she did not again enter the matrimonial state, no sooner buried her good man, than she set her wits to work, how she might most effectually disappoint the selfish and unreasonable will of her dear departed husband, without losing any of the advantages which he had entailed on her obedience.

As she found it impossible to effectuate her object in the neighborhood where she was known, she pretended that grief had impaired her health; and as a public place is the most speedy cure for vapors and longings, she set out for——, where I was attending my lovely charge. Her widow's weeds, her natural charms, which were still unimpaired, as she had been only a wife, but never a mother; her reputed fortune, and the vivacity of her manner soon drew round her a train of admirers, who tried to insinuate themselves into her good graces, and who were received with a sufficient share of affability to encourage them to persevere. For a time, the restraints under which

she was laid were unknown ; but some of the experienced fortune hunters having procured copies of her husband's will, her admirers in general fell off and she was left to an Irish officer on half pay, who had more BRASS than GOLD, and a country curate, who thought with a little casuistry, he might enjoy her fortune as well as her person. For some time she balanced between them, for each was her suitor ; but when she came to open her situation to the man of war, he shrugged up his shoulders, and declared upon his honor, that he would gladly share her fortune with or without marriage, and left it to her own choice. The parson, more conscientious, as became him, confessed his narrow means, but added, that as he could not support himself, and knew what it was to be distress'd, he could not involve her in difficulties, unless duty and honor could be united, and both have a reasonable prospect of comfort and independence. She liked his principles, but she wished to secure a husband. The son of Mars, pressed her to consent to a private marriage ; the clergyman wrote an eloquent letter to the person who would have been benefitted by the widow's violation of her husband's will. He was a man in confined circumstances : a thought struck him that his prospects would be distant, if Mrs. Lorimer remained single, and he knew that *private* arrangements might take place which would prevent him from proving any departure from the testators intention. He therefore waited on the clergyman, and having sounded him, next opened himself to the widow. A bargain was struck up between them ; and the reversionary legatee being allowed half the annual allowance, signed a deed by which the widow was to enjoy the other half, without molestation. A marriage was to have taken place on those conditions : but the evening before he was to have been made a happy man, impatient to offer his vows at the feet of his intended bride, and thinking ceremony no longer necessary, he rushed abruptly into her apartments ; and, her Sylph being absent, found her on rather too familiar terms with his rival, who, securing the advantages he had

gained, carried her off the same night. She is wretched, and she deserves to be so :

Squaretoes, a miser and an old bachelor of sixty, finding himself bilious and hypochondriac, was advised by his apothecary, who was tired of a patient that grudged the expence of medicine, to visit the same place, and to try the effects of water, air, or company.

Squaretoes took a pitiful lodging, because it was cheap ; was attended by one domestic as miserable as himself ; sent to a cook's shop for his dinner ; and as water was to do him good, he drank it morning, noon, and night, because it cost him nothing.

In consequence of this regimen, he became seriously ill ; and being known to be a man of considerable property, he was visited by such as had been able to scrape an acquaintance with him out of policy, by others out of humanity. In the same house lodged a poor invalid father, attended by an only daughter who was beautiful as the morning, and innocent as a lamb. Between Squaretoes and this small family a kind of familiar intercourse took place. The father, as a sufferer himself, was inclined to shew attention to every person in the same situation ; and Amelia, for that was the daughter's name, from habit as well as innate goodness of heart, sympathized with their fellow lodger, and occasionally, with her father, spent an hour in his room.

The dread of dying in a strange place, and the earnest recommendation of his friends, induced Squaretoes to send for a resident apothecary. The son of Esculapias, with a long face and many grimaces, made himself acquainted with his patient's case ; advised him to live well, to drink no water, and to frequent balls and plays, even if he could not at first enjoy such diversion ; and so effectually worked on his hopes and his fears, that Squaretoes, for the first time in his life, opened his purse strings without reluctance, and dressing himself a little in the fashion, was attended by Amelia and her father to every place of public resort. His health began to improve ; but a feeling agitated his bo-

som, which had hitherto been unknown. He could not tell why, but he was never happy except in the company of Amelia. He found she was virtuous, discreet, and affectionate; and that she had no fortune, and he resolved after many struggles, to tell her father that he should be happy to have it in his power to serve her, "I am too old myself to make Amelia an offer of my hand; but if she has any attachment which you can approve, I will place myself in the situation of a second father, and give her a dowry." "She has done nothing," replied the old man, "to merit this kindness from a stranger; and though we are poor, we are independent. I do not believe she has a particular affection for any person living; if she had, she would not conceal it from me."

"Do you think," said Squaretoes, "she could be happy with an old father like me?" "That I do not know; but as I think you a good kind of man, tho' you have contracted some peculiarities, I give you leave to try." To make short, Amelia consented in due time to be the wife of Squaretoes; he became quite a changed man, and will make the best of husbands to a woman whom he idolizes, and who is sensible of his worth, though she never felt, nor will feel, a sentiment of love towards him. But she will conduct herself with prudence, she will study his inclinations, she will esteem and revere him; and therefore till their connexion is dissolved by the hand of death, neither will repent of the choice they have made.

"What, a match without love!" a novel-reading Miss will exclaim.—"The Sylph is more ridiculous than the old woman herself." "Patience! young lady; love is a less necessary expedient in the matrimonial union, than you are apt to imagine. Mutual prudence, friendship, respect, will go farther to secure and perpetuate happiness, than flames, darts, Cupids, and all the artillery of love." Few on both sides are wedded to the real objects of their choice. I have known mutual vows of eternal attachment broken in a fortnight; and I have, on the contrary, found, that what the world calls unequal

matches, have frequently been productive of felicity. The general rules can apply to all situations; but my superior knowledge, and the faculty I possess of seeing without disguise, enables me to declare, that the prudent will seldom miss their reward.

FROM STAVORINUS'S VOYAGES TO THE
EAST INDIES.

ABOUT six o'clock, there arose a sound just like the groaning of a man, out of the sea, near the ship's side. When I first heard it, I thought that some of the crew had been hurt between the decks, and I sent the officer of the watch down to see what was the matter. The men, however, who were on deck, told me they had heard this noise arising as it were, from out of the water, several times before; and I then perceived it to be as they said; for, going on the outside of the main-chains, I plainly heard it ten or twelve times repeated. It seemed to recede proportionably as the ship advanced, and, lessening by degrees, died away at the stern. I supposed that it was perhaps occasioned by a sea-lion, that might be near the ship, as many of these animals were said to have been seen on the Island of St. Paul, although we perceived nothing like any animal. About seven o'clock, the gunner, who came to make the report of some matters of his department to me, informed me, that on one of his India voyages he had met with the occurrence, and that a dreadful storm succeeded, which forced them to hand all their sails, and drive at the mercy of the winds and waves for four and twenty hours. When he told me this, there was not the least appearance of any storm; yet before four o'clock in the afternoon we lay under our bare poles, scudding before the wind, in a violent tempest. The sea ran so high on all sides, that at nine o'clock in the evening all the cabin windows and hatches were stove in, and the water rushed quite into the state room. To provide, however, as much as possible against this we spread a sail over the stern, on which the sea could break, and which proved of great service to us.

This blowing weather continued till the next day, the 12th of January, when the violence of the storm abating a little, we were enabled to set our sails again. Fortunately, no material damage was done to our masts or yards, but the bread and sail rooms were again very leaky.

MORALS

EVERY appearance of amiable simplicity, or of honest shame, nature's hasty conscience, will be dear to sensible hearts; they will carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive, that it is this temper, wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue and the beauty of holiness, from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and spirit to perform the duties of it.

We see almost every day, the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies; we see new graves often opened for men older and younger than ourselves; for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate; for men, who like us, were providing to enjoy or improve hours, now irreversibly cut off; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year, in preparations to live.

POLITICAL PRUDENCE.

Crafty men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt; she said "Aye," and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him, He said "No," and he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. "Truly," said he, "I have got a cold, and cannot smell."

ANECDOTES.

A short time since some robbers having broke into a gentleman's house, they went to the footman's bed, and told him, if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a d—d lie, cried the fellow, if I move I am sure I am alive,

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linch*, I see, said the Judge, the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Inch* has taken an *L*.

A gentleman passing the shop of Mr. *Taswell*, tea-dealer, observed, his name would be *aswell* without a *T*.

A barber was once asked what was the reason that nature had not given beards to women? The tonsor replied, "Because they could never hold their tongues long enough to be shaved."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HORATIO TISDALE, esq.

Who died at Bridgport on the 25th ult.

AH now in fancy I behold death's form,
Hovering around the couch where Tisdale lies;
I see an angel shining thro' the gloom;
With looks of triumph bear him to the skies:

Through the dark shades of night a golden path,
Glittering with seraphs of immortal hue,
Through the bright arch of heaven I see them wait,
With looks far sweeter than the morning dew.

Welcome, oh welcome! thrice they gladly cried,
To the high realms where God immortal lives;
For you our Saviour grean'd, he bled, he died;
And this the glory that he freely gives.

O power divine! from yon bright scene of rest
Send heav'nly comfort to his mother dear,
Then let her smile to see her son so blest;
Nor shed one drop but Memory's mournful tear.

Oh Death, how could'st thou strike so fair a flower?

Why nip in bloom of life that manly form?
Too sure thou art a more than earthly power,
That all must bow to thee who e'er was born.

Let goodness mourn, let all the virtues' weep,
Horatio's gone to slumber in the grave,
Long and oh sound will be his night of sleep,
'Till wak'd to glory in the realms of peace.

S. O.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LOVE OF HOME.

STRANGER, I sigh not for a land
By nature's softest features blest,
Nor mourn I for a lofty dome,
Where eastern taste and splendor rest.

The air, which first I breath'd and lov'd,
Blew bleakly from the mountain's brow,
And whistled rudely round my home,
That grac'd a little spot below.

'Twas there, where nature's charms are felt,
'Twas where her charms are grandly wild,
And breathe in ev'ry poet's song,
And live with fancy's roving child.

'Twas hope of greatness, thirst for gold,
That bade my footsteps wildly roam,
And then, 'twas pleasure's cheating dream,
That made my heart desert its home.

The spell is broke, for I am old—
And yet my steps shall *once more* roam,
But, stranger, they shall lead my heart
To beat within its *native home*.

Grandeur has nurs'd me in her lap,
And pleasure sung her softest song;
And yet one thought of home has liv'd
To tell me that, that song was wrong.

Perchance the home of infant years
Is gone, and pride usurps its place;
Or ruthless time, with cruel hand,
Has mark'd it, as it has my face.

Yet, stranger, vain you bid me stay
To breathe your climate's gentle breeze,
And live my short and feeble span,
In soft luxuriance and ease.

For I will seek my native shore,
Will find the spot of infant days;
And mem'ry there shall trace my home,
Thro' time's rude waste or splendor's blaze.

And tho' no eye will look return,
No ear will hear my wand'rings told,
I'll seek the friends of infant years
To drop a tear upon their mould.

And should I find a spot more blest,
Where time has past unheeding by,
I'll make that spot a hermit's cell,
The home, where I will live—to die.

ADELAIDE.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO RELIGION.

Religion, how soothing thy stream
When it laves the sad bosom of woe;
More mild than the moon's chrystal beam,
As it gleams o'er the waters below.

How gladly the rough sea of vice
I leave to re-enter thy wave;
Thy rills gentle waters suffice
To waft me in peace to the grave.

Oh my heart, it with gratitude swells
To my Pilot and Guardian above,
Tho' beyond the bright planets he dwells,
That he sent me his magnet of love.

With this and his kind friendly aid
I steer'd from the ocean of vice,
While Nymphs as they artfully play'd
Endeavour'd to thwart his advice.

At length I have reach'd thy fond tide,
Religion, I have enter'd thy stream:
How sweetly, how gently I glide!
It resembles the charm of a dream.

Of thy rill as it ripples along
How bewitchingly soft are the sounds:
Not Philomel's exquisite song
With such heart-cheering accents abounds.

I saw, as I enter'd thy bay,
A high-towering steeple of light,
Which serv'd as the guide of my way
From the breakers that lay out of sight.

'Twas Virtue's bright light-house and tower,
Where Hope, who is never remis,
Was pointing to Happiness' bower
On the shore of the Haven of Bliss.

As along thy mild waters I steer,
That flow from Christianity's source,
'Tis true some dark rocks may appear
To arrest my fond bark in its course.

But then my wise Pilot and Guide,
If I give up the helm to Him,
Will lead me these dangers beside,
And keep my frail vessel in trim.

The quicksands and rocks I'll defy;
I'll follow the stream to its source,
Tho' youth's ardent streamers still fly;
My Pilot directing the course.

To Him I would all things resign;
With Him all my hopes are secure;
At Him may I never repine;
From him may no pleasures allure.

Religion! the ocean of Vice
I gladly resign for thy wave;
Thy streamlets still waters suffice
To waft me in peace to the grave.

SUILENROG.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

From the latin of Bellay.

I weep upon thy grave, my child
Who shoul'dst have wept on mine.
Alas thy early death!
Alas we deck *thy* tomb!

Thy parents thought to see thy wedding day;
Alas my child! now has death espoused thee;
And he who hop'd, O lovely boy!
From thee the grandsire's name,
Has ceased to be a father!

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY OCTOBER 1, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

An official letter from Gen. Jackson, dated Mobile, August 27, says, "three British vessels had arrived at Pensacola the 25th of the same month, and landed an immense quantity of arms, ammunition and provisions; and had marched into the Spanish fort between 2 and 300 men; and that 13 sail of the line, and 10,000 troops were daily expected at that place." That it was "currently reported in Pensacola, that the emperor of Russia has offered 50,000 of his best troops to the British, for the conquest of Louisiana, and that this territory will fall a prey to the enemy before the end of one month. Spain is said by a secret treaty to have ceded Pensacola to Great-Britain." The gen. therefore requests the gov. of the state of Georgia, to organize, equip and send into the field the whole quota of the militia of that state without delay.

Accounts from the Eastward state, that the enemy in Ponobscot Bay, on the 23d ult. after taking all the horses and provisions they could put in requisition, embarked 1200 men and put to sea. Destination unknown.

The enemy's fleet in the Chesapeake it appears has gone down the Bay, but whether to sea, is not yet ascertained.

The Surprise privateer of Baltimore, mounting ten 18 pounders, with 140 men, has arrived at Salem from a cruise of one month to the eastward of Halifax; having captured during that time 20 prizes, some of them with valuable cargoes—8 of which were ordered in; 8 were burnt, and 4 were given up to prisoners. She brought in 114 packages of dry goods, & has on board 37 prisoners, and released 160; and has captured during her cruise 3700 tons of shipping.

The Fox privateer of Portsmouth has sent into Salem, the British store-ship Stranger, of 6 guns, from Woolwich bound to Quebec, taken near the coast of Newfoundland. She has on board 66 twenty-four pounders, and 300 boxes of ammunition and bales of blankets and cloathing, for the use of their army in Canada.

Commodore M'Donough's official statement of his victory on Lake Champlain has come to hand. It states his loss at 52 killed and 58 wounded. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be not less than 260 killed and wounded.—The number of guns on board the commodore's fleet is stated at 86; the number on board the enemy's, at 95 guns.

A Russian ship with a valuable cargo of dry goods, from London to Amelia, has been taken by our gun boats and carried into St. Mary's.

The letter of marque brig Regent, captain

Bartlett, from the Havannah to this port, has been chased ashore near Tuckertown, (N.J.) and destroyed by the boats of a frigate, after a gallant resistance, in which capt. Bartlett and all his crew, (34) except one man who escaped, were either killed or wounded.

The schr. *Dædalus* from Port-au-Prince to this port with 1300 bags of coffee, has been taken by a frigate.

The steam-boat news of yesterday is, that com. Chauncey's fleet landed gen Izard's army at the mouth of the Genesee river, and had returned to a position off the harbour;—that gen. Drummond had raised the siege of Fort Erie, and that the enemy's large ship at Kingston was nearly ready.

George W Campbell, esq. in consequence of indisposition, has resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John Marshall, of Charleston, (S. C.) to Miss Eliza A. Cozine, daughter of the late John Cozine, esqr.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. William L. Perkins, of Boston, to Miss Henrietta Cook, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Matthews, Mr. George Stannard, of Saybrook, to Miss Eliza Barnum, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Garritt Wright, to the amiable Miss Eliza Jenkins, both of this city.

At Huntington (Con.) on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. David Ely, Mr. Levi Judson, to Miss Eliza Judd.

Obituary.

DIED.

Miss Sarah Ann Carter, aged 25 years.

On the 13th ult. of a Consumption, in the 19th year of her age, Miss Sarah R. Bunnell.

In the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Brinsmade, consort of Mr. John Brinsmade.

Mr. Rinier Skaats, aged 82 years, an old and very respectable inhabitant of this city.

Of a consumption, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. George K. M'Kay.

After a painful and lingering illness, Mrs. Marie, consort of P. Marie, merchant of this city.

At Bridgeport, on Sunday last, Horatio Tisdale, esqr. in the 27th year of his age; esteemed and regretted by all who knew him.

At Newtown, (L. I.) capt. Thomas Bolton, aged 60 years.

At Savannah, Mr. Gurdon J. Seymour, a native of Hartford, (Con.) one of the original proprietors, of the Savannah Museum, aged 41.